



SPAWN[®]

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1
MAY

DIGITAL
EDITION



McFARLANE
92
STEACY-

image COMICS PRESENTS:

"QUESTIONS"

PART 1



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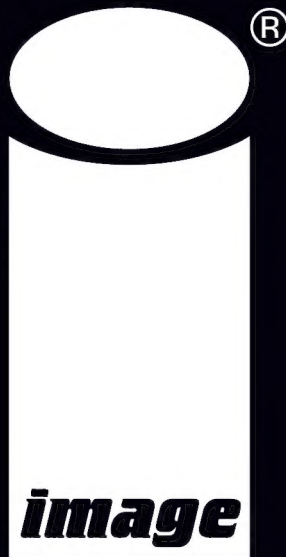
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LANCE GUECK

Dedicated to:
JACK KIRBY

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Cover painting by **Ken Steacy** over **Todd McFarlane** art.



image

I DON'T
BELONG.



NOT HERE.
NOT NOW.

I HAVE TO
GET BACK
THERE.

THE BET
WAS RIGGED,
HE MADE ME
BELIEVE.



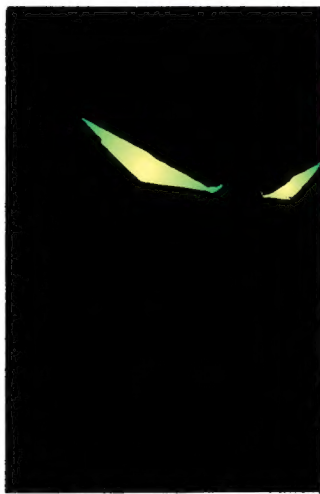
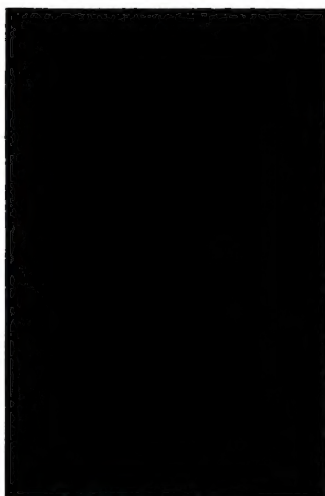
NOW THERE'S
DARKNESS
IN MY SOUL.

I HAVE TO
GET BACK
THERE.

I WANT TO
DIE...

...AGAIN.





SERVICES WERE HELD TODAY FOR LT. COLONEL **AL SIMMONS** AT ARLINGTON CEMETARY IN VIRGINIA. SIMMONS IS BEST KNOWN FOR HIS COURAGEOUS INVOLVEMENT IN SAVING THE PRESIDENT FROM AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT.

SIMMONS ROSE THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE MARINE CORPS FOLLOWING HIS SERVICE OVERSEAS. HIS MEMORY WAS HONORED BY BOTH THE PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT, AS WELL AS HUNDREDS OF OFFICERS FROM ALL THE ARMED SERVICES.

HIS WIFE, **WANDA BLAKE**, REMAINED QUIET FOR THE DURATION OF THE FUNERAL, BUT SEEMED TO NEED HELP NEAR THE END OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

FRIENDS AND FAMILY HAVE ALL BEEN SUPPORTIVE, AND WILL START A NEW SCHOLARSHIP FUND IN HIS NAME THAT WILL BENEFIT THE UNITED NEGRO COLLEGE FUND.



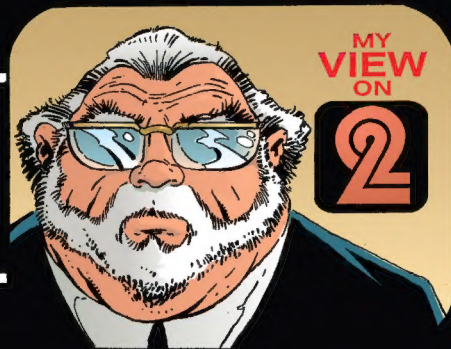
LT. COLONEL SIMMONS, WHO DISAPPEARED FROM PUBLIC VIEW SHORTLY AFTER THE HINCKLEY INCIDENT, WAS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN INVOLVED WITH NUMEROUS COVERT GOVERNMENT TASK FORCES.

INFORMED SOURCES SAY THAT HIS PRESENCE IN BOTSWANA AT THE SAME TIME AS YOUNGBLOOD AGENTS WAS NO COINCIDENCE.

FRANKLY, THIS STINKS OF A GOVERNMENT **COVER-UP**. SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

THOUGH I'M SURE LT. COL. SIMMONS WAS A MAN OF COURAGE AND INTEGRITY, IT'S THE GOVERNMENT'S **BOYS' CLUB ATTITUDE** THAT APPALLS ME.

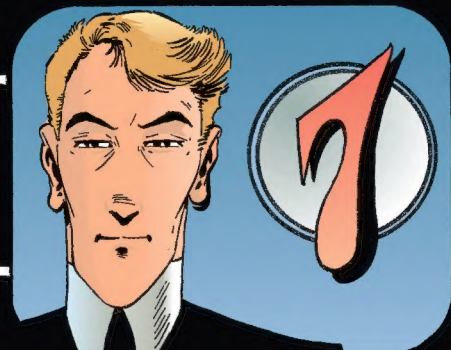
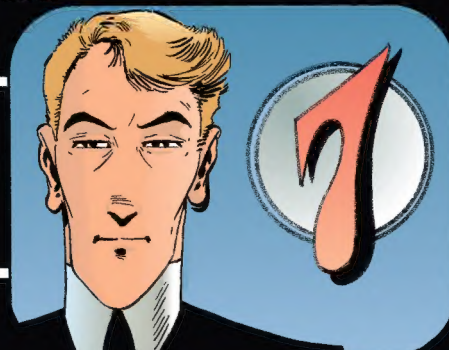
INFORMATION IS GIVEN OUT AT THEIR DISCRETION IN AN ALMOST HOLLYWOOD-TYPE FASHION, AND WE ALL KNOW HOW MOVIE MAKERS **NEVER** STRETCH THE TRUTH.

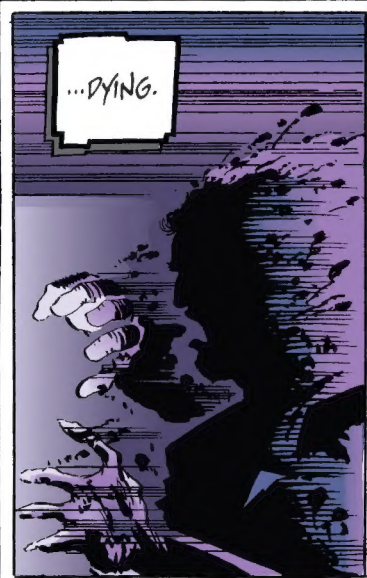
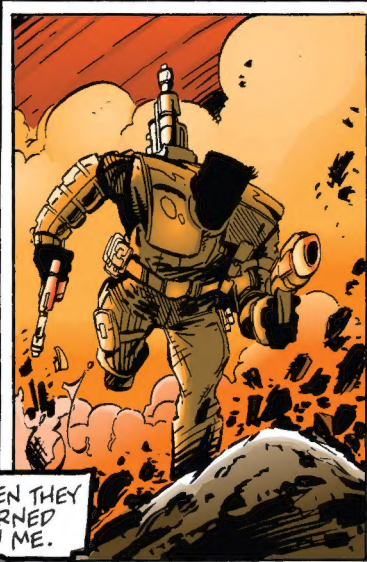
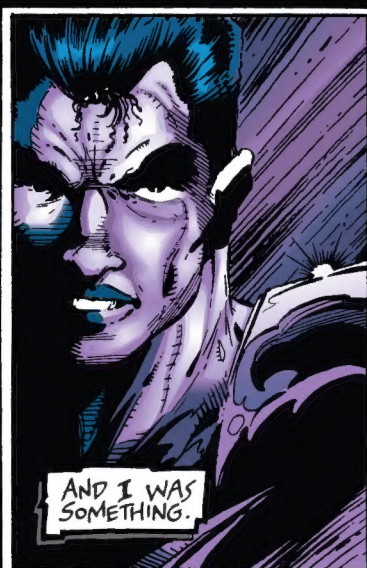


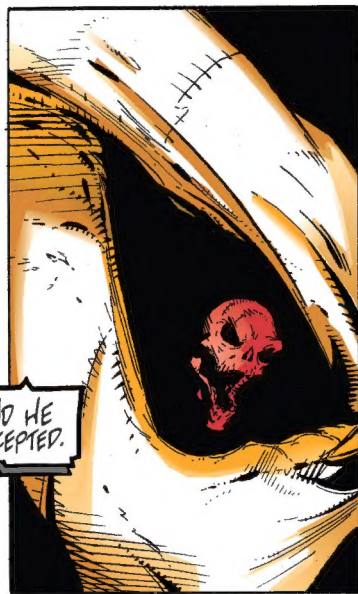
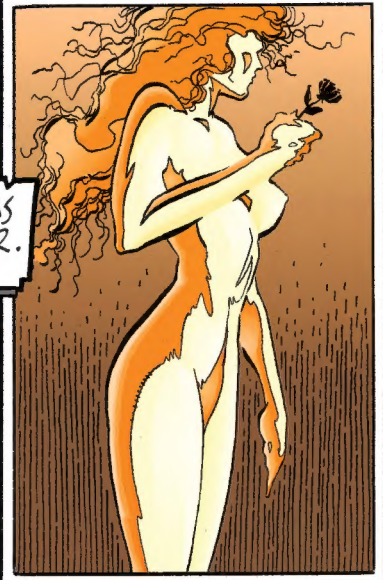
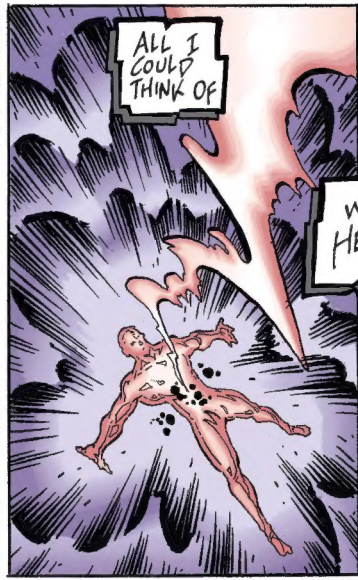
AND THE LOVELY WANDA BLAKE WAS **ABSOLUTELY DIVINE** IN A DISARMINGLY SIMPLE JET BLACK GIOVANNI ORIGINAL. AND **SAY**, WHO WAS THAT TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME **PRINCE** ON HER ARM AT THE CEREMONY?

WELL, A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME THAT **MARTIN ALEXANDER** WAS WANDA'S CLOSEST FRIEND BACK IN HIGH SCHOOL. **HE** INTRODUCED HER TO AL SIMMONS AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN 1984.

WELL, WHERE THIS POTENTIAL AFFAIR IS LEADING REMAINS TO BE SEEN. **WE'LL** BE KEEPING AN EYE OUT. AS FOR **YOU**, MISTER MARTIN ALEXANDER, **SHAME**, **SHAME** ON YOU! LET THE POOR WOMAN **GRIEVE**. BESIDES, SHE'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME FINDING A **REPLACEMENT** FOR A HUSBAND VOTED ONE OF "THE TEN SEXIEST MEN" TWO YEARS AGO. EVEN THOUGH THE GOVERNMENT TRIED TO **HIDE** THIS SWEET MORSEL FROM ALL OF US, **THIS** CHARISMATIC GENTLEMAN COULDN'T BE KEPT OUT OF SIGHT.







DAMN
HIS LIES.

HE ACCEPTED
THE DEAL... ON
HIS TERMS.
HIS RULES.
HIS WAY.

AND SOMEWHERE
IN TIME HE
BUST A GUT
LAUGHING.

9:9:9:9

9:9:9:9

YEAH, HE GAVE ME POWER, BUT HE
ROBBED ME OF MY MEMORIES.


IF I CAN JUST FIND HER, THEN I'LL KNOW
WHAT THIS IS ABOUT. BUT... I CAN'T EVEN
REMEMBER WHO SHE IS.

NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY
SENSE. A HANDFUL OF IMAGES
DARTING IN MY MIND. THAT'S
IT?! THAT'S ALL I HAVE OF
MY LIFE?!

I FEEL I CAN DO
ANYTHING... ANYTHING
AT ALL WITH MY
POWER. BUT WHY CAN'T
I REMEMBER?

SHE'LL
KNOW
WHO I AM.





I'M GOING
TO FIND HER,
ALRIGHT.

AND WHEN
I HAVE SOME
ANSWERS...

... I'M GOING TO
FIND HIM.
THE ONE WHO
FRAMED ME.

"OKAY, TWITCH. LET'S TRY THIS ONE MORE." TIME.

YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT SOMEBODY THREW CARLO GIAMOTTI FROM A WINDOW--

THROUGH A WINDOW, SIR.

-- THROUGH A WINDOW, ON THE THIRTY-FOURTH FLOOR--

FORTY-FOURTH, SIR.

AND HE WASN'T KILLED BY THE FALL?

NO, SIR. IT WAS HIS HEART.

HEART FAILURE?

Ummm-- YOU MIGHT SAY THAT, SIR. IT WAS REMOVED.

REMOVED?

YES, SIR. IT WAS STUFFED IN HIS MOUTH.

TWITCH.

YES, SIR?

WE GOT THREE DEAD HIT MEN IN THE LAST FORTY-EIGHT HOURS AND YOU'RE TRYIN' TO BE A COMEDIAN. I DON'T NEED THAT

NO, SIR.

NO, SIR.

YES, SIR.

PROBABLY BOTH.

IT'S A HELLUVA TOWN, TWITCH.

YES, SIR.

I AIN'T COMPLAININ', MIND YOU. SOMEBODY'S SAVIN' ME A LOT OF WORK. I FIGURE WE GOT OURSELVES EITHER A GRADE-A WACKO OR THE BEST DAMN VOLUNTEER COP IN NEW YORK CITY.





No! NO!
PLEASE
DON'T!

SHADDUP,
BITCH.

BOYS,
LOOKS LIKE
SHE'S GOT
ENOUGH
FOR ALL
OF US.

FORTUNATELY,
I GET
FIRST DIBS.

BACK
OFF,
GUYS.

I GOT
ME AN
IDEA.

WAIT
A
SEC...

LET'S SEE
HOW LOUD
THE TRAMP
CAN SCREAM
AFTER I CUT
OUT HER
TONGUE.

I WANT
A CLOSER
LOOK WHILE
THE BODY'S
STILL
WARM.

GET
OUT.

Now!

OR
YOU'RE
ALL
DEAD.

WHAT
THE
HELL?

HEY SHANK,
LOOKS LIKE
ONE O' THEM
YOUNG
BLOODS!

WHO
CARES?
CHECK THIS
OUT, GUYS--



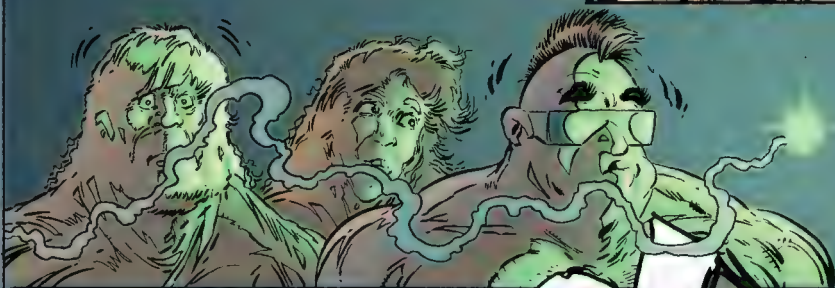
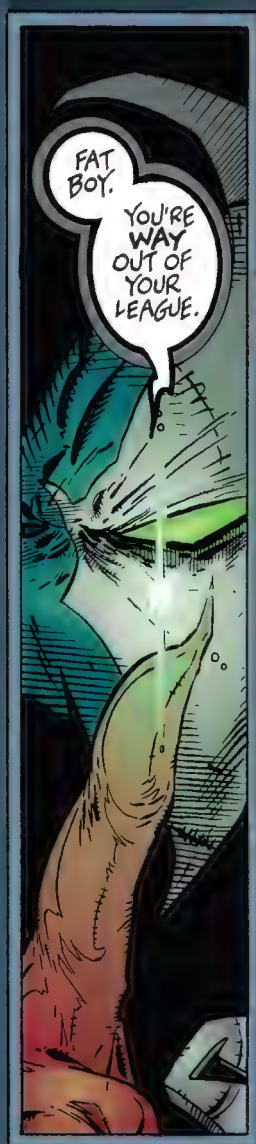


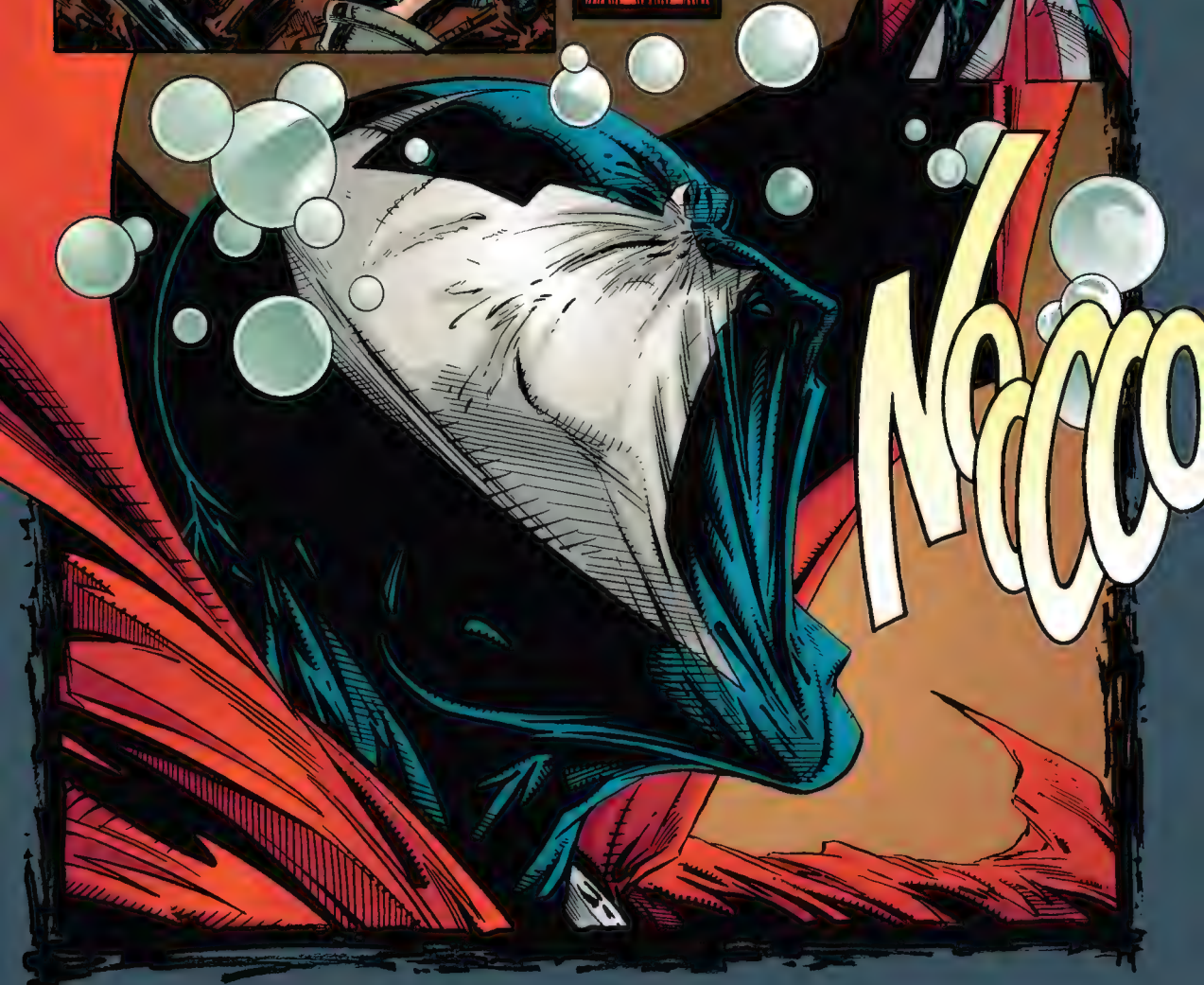
I'M
GONNA
CARVE
ME A
SUPER--


--HKKKHH!



BAD
IDEA.







ONCE AGAIN YOUR
MIND EXPLODES
WITH A SEARING
PAIN. A FLOODGATE
OF MEMORIES
BURSTS WIDE.

YET IT IS HER
FACE THAT
KEEPS HAUNTING
YOU.

ALWAYS
HER
FACE.

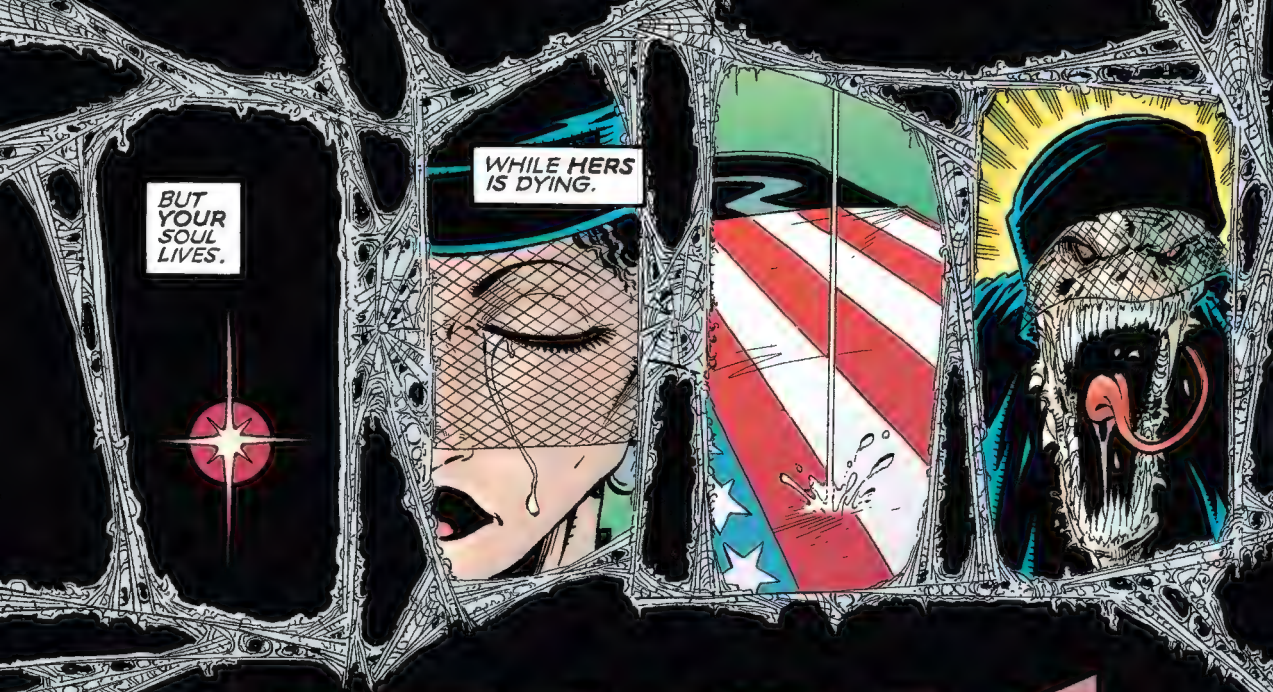
WHO
IS
SHE?

THEN THINGS
BEGIN TO
CRYSTALIZE.

YOU REMEMBER YOUR
FUNERAL. BEGGING
AND PLEADING FOR
SOMEONE TO RELEASE
YOU FROM THE DARK-
NESS. YOU'RE NOT
DEAD. YOU CAN'T BE.

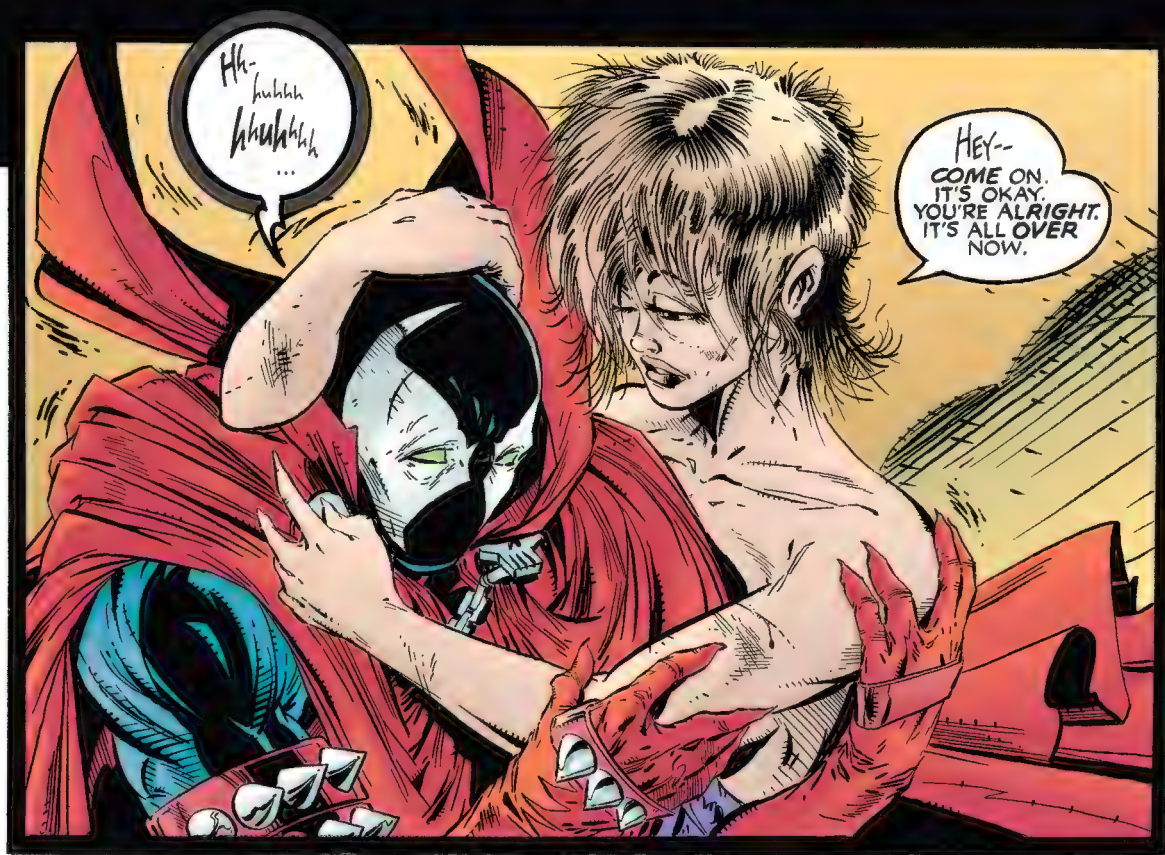
THEN YOU FEEL HER
PRESENCE. WARM.
CARING. SOOTHING. BUT
SOMEWHERE DEEP INSIDE
SHE FEELS EMPTY NOW.

SHE HAS
NO REASON.
NO MEANING.
NO SOUL.



BUT
YOUR
SOUL
LIVES.

WHILE HERS
IS DYING.



Hh-
huhhh
huhhh
...

HEY--
COME ON.
IT'S OKAY.
YOU'RE ALRIGHT.
IT'S ALL OVER
NOW.

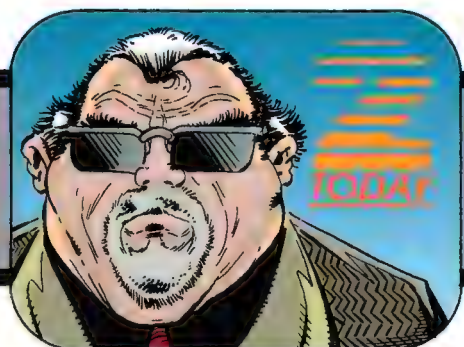
POLICE ARE INVESTIGATING THE FOURTH GANGLAND HOMICIDE IN TWO DAYS. THE MURDER OF **CARLO GIAMOTTI** MAKES THE SEVENTH GANGLAND MURDER THIS YEAR, BUT CHIEF OF POLICE TIM BANKS DENIES ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMOR OF A POSSIBLE "MOB WAR."

INSIDE SOURCES HAVE ALSO REPORTED THAT THE THREE MOST RECENT DEATHS WERE UNLIKE ANY THEY HAD SEEN BEFORE. IT WAS QUOTED, "EVEN THE **BAD GUYS DON'T SINK THIS LOW.**" THE MYSTERY OF THESE DEATHS SEEMS TO HAVE...



THIS MIGHT BE JUST WHAT THIS CITY NEEDS. WITH PEOPLE LIKE **JAKE MORELLI**, DISGUISED AS A WELL-DRESSED BUSINESSMAN, IT'S NO WONDER THE POLICE WON'T MAKE ANY ARRESTS. POLICE CHIEF BANKS SAYS HE'LL SEND OUT AN INVESTIGATIVE UNIT TO FLUSH OUT SOME ANSWERS. **WHAT'S TO INVESTIGATE?** JUST BECAUSE SOMETHING SMELLS **NOW** DOESN'T MEAN IT WASN'T GARBAGE **BEFORE**.

I FOR ONE HOPE THE POLICE DON'T **FIND** ANY ANSWERS. OR WORSE YET, TRY AND **STOP** THIS LATEST RASH OF PUBLIC EXECUTIONS. IF IT'S GOOD GUYS KILLING BAD OR **BAD GUYS** KILLING BAD-- **WHO CARES?** GIVE ME A CALL IF YOU CITIZENS NEED ANY HELP.

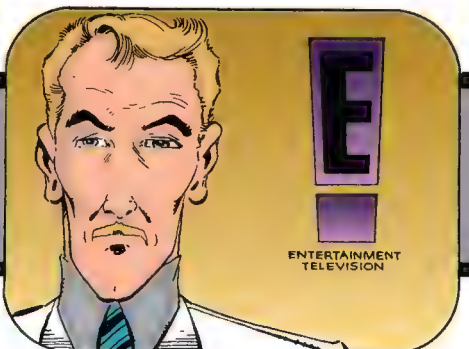
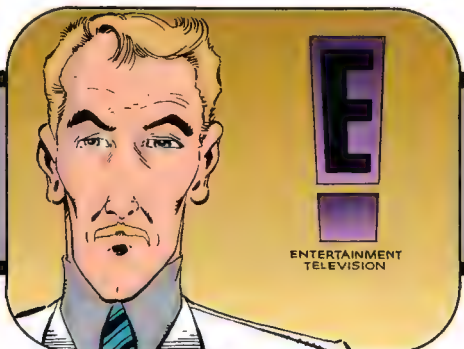


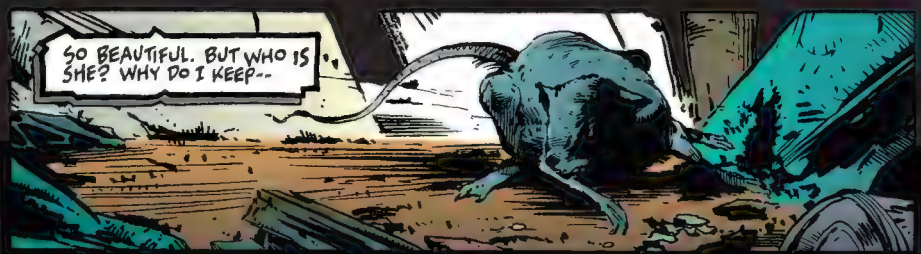
... I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND **HOW** THOSE TWO HAVE MANAGED TO STAY TOGETHER ALL THESE YEARS. **SOMEONE** MUST BE **TORTURING** ME.

AND **FINALLY**, WORD OUT OF NEW YORK IS THAT THERE'S A NEW **MYSTERY MAN** IN THE BIG APPLE. ONLY A HANDFUL OF REPORTS SO FAR, BUT FROM WHAT I CAN **TELL**, OUR BIG BRUISER HAS A FETISH FOR **ZORRO**.

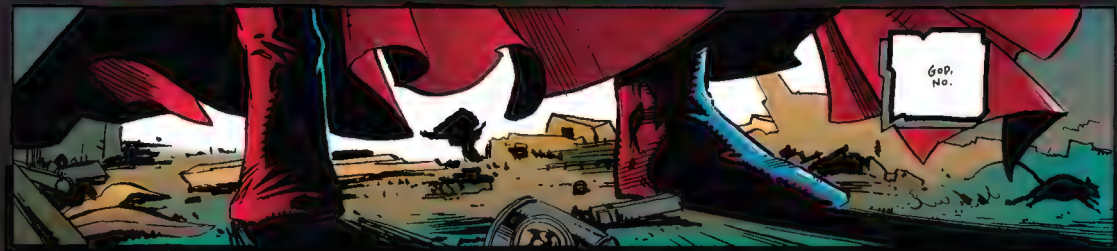
I MEAN, LET'S GET **SERIOUS**. A **CAPE!** WITH THE **YOUNGBLOOD** FASHIONS BEING ALL THE RAGE, **WHY ON EARTH** WOULD **ANYONE** TRY TO BRING BACK SUCH A **GAUCHE** AND TOTALLY **USELESS** ACCESSORY?

NOW THOSE **SPIKES** AND **CHAINS** HE HAS, **THOSE** ARE SIMPLY **DARLING**. A PERFECTLY **RIVETING** STATEMENT.

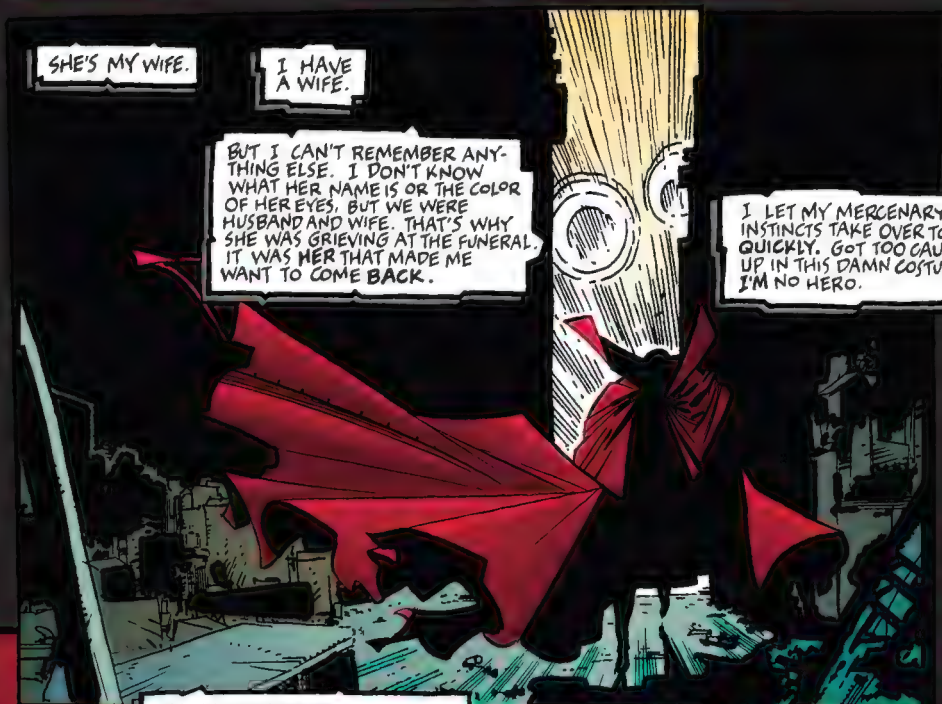




SO BEAUTIFUL. BUT WHO IS SHE? WHY DO I KEEP--



GOD.
NO.



SHE'S MY WIFE.

I HAVE
A WIFE.

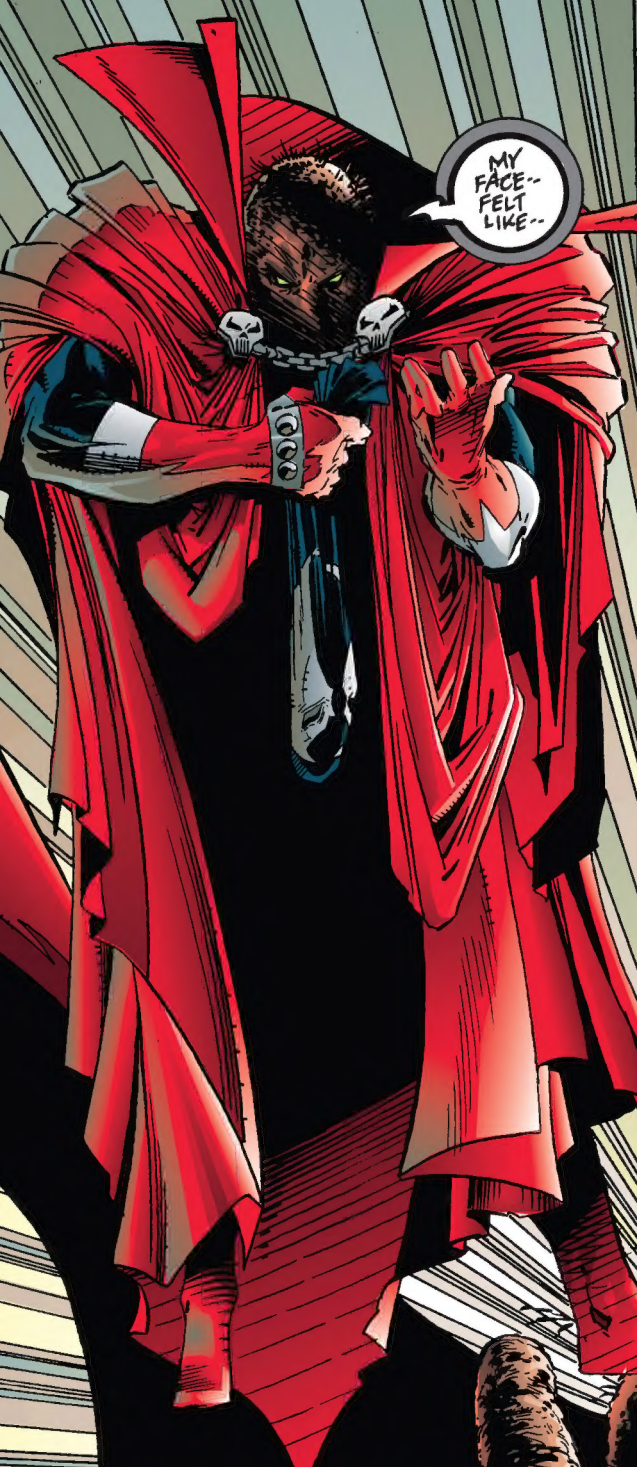
BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER ANY-
THING ELSE. I DON'T KNOW
WHAT HER NAME IS OR THE COLOR
OF HER EYES, BUT WE WERE
HUSBAND AND WIFE. THAT'S WHY
SHE WAS GRIEVING AT THE FUNERAL.
IT WAS HER THAT MADE ME
WANT TO COME BACK.

I LET MY MERCENARY
INSTINCTS TAKE OVER TOO
QUICKLY. GOT TOO CAUGHT
UP IN THIS DAMN COSTUME.
I'M NO HERO.

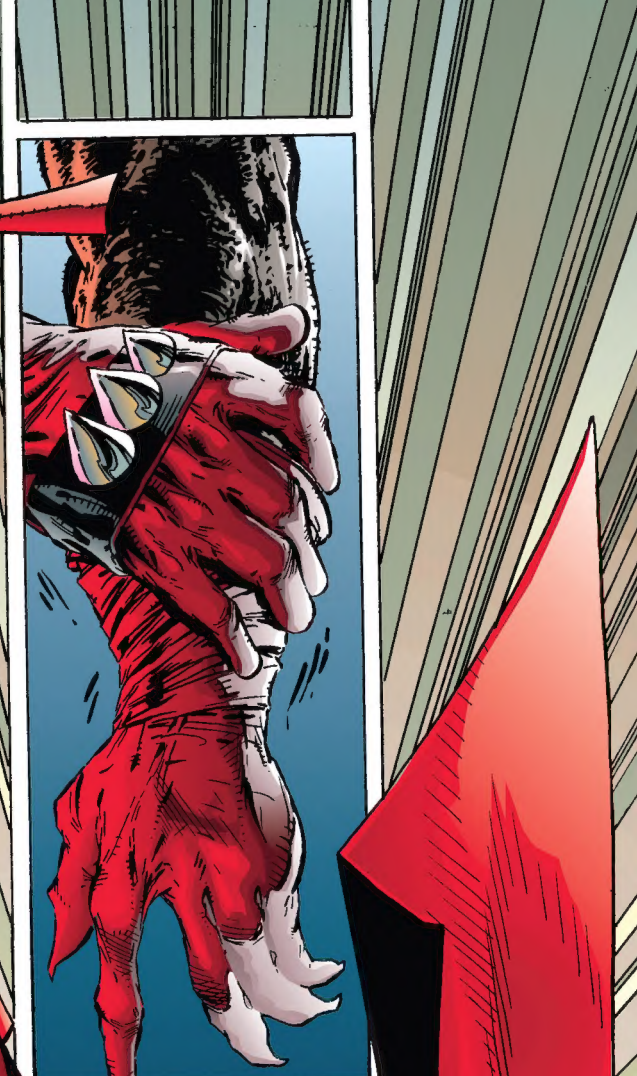
IT'S JUST THAT EVERYTHING IS SO
DIFFERENT. WHAT HAPPENED TO
THE LAST FIVE YEARS? I'M
STRANDED HERE NOT KNOWING
WHAT'S GOING ON.

I KNOW I'M ALIVE BUT
I CAN'T FEEL IT.

ONLY THING I FEEL IS THIS
DAMN COSTUME. GOT TO
GET IT OFF-- GET AWAY
FROM IT.



MY
FACE--
FELT
LIKE--



JESUS!!
WHAT
AM I?



I DUNNO,
TWITCH...

IF IT REALLY IS
SOME GOVERNMENT
HERO GONE WACKO,
THEM WASHINGTON
STIFFS AIN'T GONNA LET
US GET CLOSE. THEM
TIGHT ASSES. BUT IF
THIS GUY DECIDES HE
WANTS TO START
SNUFFING OUT "JOE
AVERAGE," THEN WE
GOT OURSELVES A
SERIOUS
PROBLEM.

AND THE
DAMAGE THIS
GUY HAS DONE TO
THOSE THREE BODIES
IS FRIGGIN' **UNREAL**.
WONDER HOW MUCH
POWER THIS
GUY HAS IN
HIM ?



9:9:9:5



"YES SIR. BY THE WAY, I HEAR YOU HAD ONLY THIRTEEN DOUGHNUTS TODAY. DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE DIETING."

"SHUDDUP,
TWITCH. I'M NOT
IN A MOOD FOR
YOUR JOKES."

"YES SIR."

НАНА
АНА
НАНА
НАНА
НАНА
АНА
НАНА
SOMEWHERE
НАНА
IN
НАНА
АНА
TIME
НАНА
НАНА
НАНА

HAHA^{HA}HAHA...
Simmons... if
you think you've
got problems
now...

...I
promise, your
troubles
have just
begun.
HAHAHAHAHA

NEXT ISSUE: *the VIOLATOR!*





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE